

Mister Sugar Green Liquor-Liquor Lips

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Mister Sugar Green Liquor-Liquor Lips

by [In_Much_Stress](#)

Summary

Dream is here to kiss some boys. It's not his fault if they're falling in the process.

KEEP IN MIND that this was made for us, shippers, and us only and you should not show this to either CC unless given clear and enthusiastic consent. Also, if you're gonna waste your time telling me to stop, I want you to think for a second and go find something to do with your life, because you ain't righteous and you sure ain't protecting anyone, Anti.

Notes

Bubblegum Bitch by Marina

Stop to think for a moment and you'll notice that everyone, in fact, simps for Dream.

Got A Figure Like A Pinup

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Fundy doesn't particularly want to kiss George, but a bet is a bet.

That's what happens when you put a bunch of college boys in one house for the weekend: they have a party, play games, drink their weight in whatever booze is available and ruin their lives making bad decisions prompted by the games and booze.

The music is loud, loud enough for the fox hybrid to feel a little sorry for Bad's neighbors, but, in all fairness and knowing their gracious host, they probably got a warning before the party started. He has no idea who brought the colorful lights or the fog machine, but if he had to guess, he'd say either Skeppy or SapNap. The booze is for sure Wilbur's doing, and what made Phil, the appointed dad of the group, deny all of Tommy's requests to come. Though, judging by the amount of people in the house, it wouldn't be too much to say that the highschooler probably snuck in and is hiding somewhere. Probably brought Tubbo too.

He makes his way through the crowd of people, making sure to keep his tail as close to his body as he can—hybrids have been around for forever and people are more than used to being considerate of any “*additional*” body part, but when surrounded by drunk people, better safe than sorry. His coat feels heavy and warm, and his ears twitch against his hat.

“Fundy!”

Looking over, Fundy finally sees the people he's been looking for. George and SapNap were sitting together in one of the loveseats that miraculously hadn't been taken by the pass-out drunks, far enough from the speakers that they don't need to yell to be heard. Actually, “*cuddling*” is more accurate. George's legs are thrown over the other's lap, almost sitting on it, and one of SapNap's hands is sprawled on his thigh, the other holding the beer they're sharing. And then they wonder why people think they're dating.

“You owe me, Gogy~!” Fundy greets once he's standing in front of the duo.

“You really won four rounds of Just Dance?” George laughs, hiding his smile with his drink. “Just for a kiss?”

“I accept money too, just so you know.” And, to be honest, he'd rather get money out of this. No offense to George, he's cute and all, but he's not Fundy's type.

The brit opens his mouth to say something, but closes it right after when he sees something behind the ginger. Fundy turns to look, but all he sees is a sea of people. His eyes do stop for a few seconds on the back of a blonde person wearing tight black pants and a neon green crop top, but other than that, there's nothing unusual behind him. The grins in the duos' faces when he looks back at them tells him otherwise, though.

“Don't worry, you will get your kiss, just not from me. Hope you don't mind.”

Before the hybrid can answer, he feels someone grab his shoulder and turn him around. He doesn't have time to respond to the manhandling before there are lips upon his own, soft, warm and persistent. He catches the scent of beer and citrus, and the last thing his eyes see before closing is freckled skin.

Fundy has kissed before in his life, but this has to be the best kiss he has ever had. His arms find a small waist, gluing a warm body to his chest, losing himself in the feeling of nails running through his hair. Shivers run down his back when those nimble fingers touch his ears lightly, nails teasingly scratching their base, before running down his neck. All he can think is the searing hot tongue dancing with his, so much so that he barely notices when they start walking back and gets whatever breath was left in his lungs punched out as he's thrown on the couch where George and SapNap had been only minutes before.

Looking up, he sees the most beautiful person he has ever seen in his life. Dirty blonde hair goes down to their shoulders messily, like a lion's mane, almost hiding the ears atop their head that share the same color. Tanned skin filled with freckles glistens under the colorful lights. There is a hint of a fang in the painted smirk—Fundy can feel the pink lipstick on his own lips—, and their slitted pupils expand, hiding away some of the intense green of their eyes. A blonde tail swings behind them, long and quite thin, with a tuft of fur at the end. The neon green crop top is almost an eyesore, but it fits them so well. Too well.

The person winks, grabbing the money offered to them by George—oh, yeah, the brit and his “boyfriend” are still here... and so is the rest of the party—and promptly leaves.

Fundy is still reeling when both George and SapNap sit on the couch with him, making a fox sandwich. SapNap offers him a beer and George puts his hat that he had no idea had fallen back in its righteous place. The three stay in silence for a little bit before the hybrid gathers enough wit to speak.

“Who was that?”

“That’s Dream, my best friend.” SapNap answers, casually throwing his arm over Fundy’s shoulder. “He’s not in our college but since he’s friends with Bad, I invited him.”

“Don’t worry, you’re not the first to be like that after a kiss from Dream.” George pats his shoulder in sympathy.

But sympathy is the last thing Fundy needs. What he needs is another kiss from that Dream guy.

And his phone number.

Chapter End Notes

If this was an Otome game...

Fundy: New friend, obviously crushing and doesn't really bother to hide or feel shy about it

Got A Figure Like A Doll

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Wilbur is having the time of his life singing his lungs out at the karaoke machine when a mane of blonde hair gets his attention.

A very familiar mane of blonde hair.

Shoving the microphone in the hands of the nearest person, he tries to make his way through the sea of people as fast as he can. It's a hard task, Bad's house certainly isn't made for so many people packed together like a can of sardines, but he manages. Thankfully, the place where the karaoke is has a better illumination than the "dance floor", and he's able to keep his eyes in the messy blonde hair.

When Wilbur finally gets out of the crowd, he's met with the view of the man of his dream's backside. The tight black pants leave little to imagination, and the heels of his boot do a wonderful job to perk up his round ass. He's leaning forward a bit, using the mirror in the corridor to apply his pink lipstick—part of him wonders why *that* color specifically. Wilbur watches with delight as the bright pink lipstick leisurely paints the soft looking lips, he's enjoying so much he almost doesn't notice the green eyes looking at him in the mirror.

"Hello, Wilbur." The voice and the smirk sends pleased shivers down his spine.

"Hello, Dream." The blonde's name leaves his mouth tasting like a prayer, but the brunet doesn't bother to think about it, instead choosing to walk up to the other with large steps. "It's been a while... I'm glad you're back in town."

Dream reciprocates his sudden soft smile with a tiny one of his own and Wilbur doesn't hesitate to hug the man close, as close as he could. He can feel his heart speed up as he inhales deeply, the sweet perfume mixed with the citrus scent of the lion hybrid filling his lungs and fogging up his mind. It's been only two years and a few months, but for an infatuated heart, that's way too long away from the other. Sure, they had called and texted here and there, but still, having Dream in his arms is a completely different feeling.

And he can't resist running his hands on the skin exposed by Dream's crop top, committing to memory the feel of warm flesh against his long fingers, a desire he has kept in check for so long that he isn't sure he can stop now that he's started. Thankfully, with the way Dream squirms against him, pushing their chests together, and with the way his breath catches when the brunet's hands play with the fabric of his skinny jeans, Wilbur is sure he won't need to stop anytime soon.

So he grabs Dream's chin with one hand, tilting his head until their lips can easily meet, and dives down. Almost impulsively, he shoves the blonde against the wall, once gentle touches turning desperate and rough. The kiss is everything he has dreamed of, all-consuming and maddening. He can feel the lipstick practically gluing their lips together, the knowledge that soon he'll have it smeared *everywhere* excites him to no end, making him press against the other as much as he could. He can feel long nails scratch his scalp—or perhaps he should say "*claws*" scratch his scalp with just enough force to hurt a little bit. The brunet feels ready to burst as his hands inch up, going under the neon crop top—

"Oh my goodness!"

Wilbur doesn't even have the chance to react, next thing he knows, his back is hitting the wall where Dream had been just a second ago, and there is a total of zero blondes glued to him as the lion hybrid steps away from him to face their *oh so gracious* host, who's glaring at him with distrustful eyes. It's general knowledge that if Badboyhalo doesn't trust you to do something, you probably shouldn't do it, but the brit just smiles.

He's been waiting for Dream for too long to give up now, no matter what past they had, and no one, not Bad and definitely not his brother, is going to stop again.

"I'll call you later, babe." He says, stealing a peck from the blonde before he leaves the two friends alone.

Last thing he sees is Bad pulling Dream to his bedroom.

Wilbur pointedly ignores the crimson eyes watching from the corner of the room.

Chapter End Notes

If this was an Otome game...

Fundy: New friend, obviously crushing and doesn't really bother to hide or feel shy about it

Wilbur: Old friend, some strong sexual tension going on, been crushing for some time

Hit Me With Your Sweet Love, Steal Me With A Kiss

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Bad, I know you're worried, but I know what I'm doing, ok? I'm just having some fun.”

“With a guy who's not only the brother of *that* guy, but also happens to have been crushing on you for *years*? Because that sounds like a bad idea.”

Badboyhalo has been friends with Dream for *years* now, to the point he can consider the blonde one of his oldest friends and maybe even a childhood friend. He knows what the lion hybrid is capable of, he knows that he can take care of himself, he knows that Dream is no longer a cub that needs guidance. But he can't help but worry. Wilbur is already bad enough, but Wilbur being here means that *he* is probably here too, and Bad will burn down the house before he allows *him* to hurt his dear friend ever again. Sure, he had eventually understood and even forgiven the guy, but he will never be able to forget Dream's face as he cried his broken heart out.

When one of the strongest people you know breaks down, it's bound to get engraved on your memory.

Dream scoffs, giving Bad his back so he could look at himself in the mirror. The brunette sighs, eyeing his friend. He has seen pictures and videos of the blonde, and even visited him occasionally during holidays and vacations, but Dream is always a sight to behold. The curve of his back, the round behind, the long legs, the strong shoulders, the pretty face, the nice hair... Bad takes a few seconds to drink in how beautiful his friend is, as he has done many times in the past, before sighing again and approaching.

He isn't sure if the stubbornness comes from the human or the lion part, but at least he knows how to deal with it. It's one of the things he's the proudest of: his ability to wrangle the untamed lion.

“Dream.” The brunette starts, wrapping his arms around the other's waist. He isn't wearing his usual hoodie, so the skin of his arms meets directly the warm skin of his friend's middle, giving him goosebumps. “I know you can take care of yourself, but I can't help but worry.”

The blonde doesn't answer, making himself busy by taking his pink lipstick—Bad almost winces when he sees the shade of pink—and applying it. He leans a little bit closer to the mirror and Bad follows, allowing their bodies to slot together like two pieces of a puzzle. The brunette huffs amusedly, nuzzling the back of Dream's neck tenderly. They spend a few moments like that, Dream silently applying his lipstick and Bad cuddling him from behind, the party a muffled noise in the silent room—everyone knows that the host's bedroom is absolutely forbidden, he had made sure of that, so there is no fear of someone suddenly interrupting them.

Bad waits until his friend is finally satisfied with his painted lips before depositing a gentle kiss at the nape of his neck and turning the blonde to him by the waist. The lion hybrid goes easily, his green eyes failing to hide their softness. Sweet moments like this always reduce him to a pile of goo, and Bad is the King of Sweetness—Dream himself gave him that title.

“I worry, because I don't want you to be heartbroken again, *ever*. If I can do anything to prevent that from happening, I *will* do it.”

“My hero.” Dream smiles, a shy but pleased little thing usually reserved for when he's reminded

there's people who cherish him just as much as he cherishes them. It's breathtaking, but what of the man *isn't*?

"I'm serious, Dream." Despite that, there is a smile on his face that only grows as the blonde wraps his arms around his neck and brings them closer.

"I know, and I appreciate it, Bad... but you can't protect me from everything."

"I can try." He leans in so their foreheads touch. "And I probably can succeed."

Dream laughs, and it hits Bad's lips like a caress. One of the blonde's hands goes to the brunette's face, cupping his cheek lovingly and caressing his skin with his thumb, green eyes filled with mirth and affection. It makes Bad's heart skip a beat before speeding up like a particularly fast samba.

And *oh*.

He had missed Dream's kisses dearly.

Memories of younger days, when the lion hybrid got in the habit of thanking Bad for his care with quick pecks, rush through his mind. Eventually he had resigned himself to it, tired of explaining to his friend that those types of kisses should be given only to their special someone and guilty of actually really enjoying them, but nothing would have prepared him for both the knowledge he was the only one who got those kisses and the lack of them when Dream finally got a boyfriend.

But the blonde is single now, and Bad finally has his kisses back. And he'll probably feel bad about it later, but he can't help but hope Dream doesn't start dating anyone else so soon, just so the brunette won't have to go another four years without them.

Though this one is a little different from the affectionate pecks from before. It's not a heated thing like the one the blond shared with Wilbur, but it's definitely warm. Makes his lips tingle and his heart full. The hand on his cheek goes to the back of his head, playing with his curly hair, claws gently scratching his scalp. Stars dance around his mind, and Bad would believe if the one in his arms told him he is floating, because that is how he feels. Floating in the vast universe like a space oddity, lost and found.

Bad's eyes are still closed when Dream finally pulls away. He misses the warmth immediately, even when the blonde gives him a last peck.

"I'll be careful so you won't have to worry so much, hero~"

When his eyes open again, he's alone in his room with his racing heart.

Chapter End Notes

Fundy: New friend, obviously crushing and doesn't really bother to hide or feel shy about it

Wilbur: Old friend, some strong sexual tension going on, been crushing for some time

Bad: Old friend, doesn't know he's crushing, thinks he's just a good friend

'Cause That's What Young Love Is All About

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Still got a kiss for me, doll face?”

SapNap smiles at his childhood friend. Dream beams at him from where he sits on the kitchen counter like the full course meal he is. Honestly, looking this good should be illegal, but the ravenette doubts any prison would hold Dream. Beautiful things are to be looked at, after all. And kissed, if you're lucky.

“Finally got over the childhood trauma, Sappity Nappity?” The lion hybrid teases, tail swaying gently, before he brings a beer can to his pink lips.

SapNap wants to kiss that stupid color off of the blonde's lips.

And he does, wasting no time in opening Dream's legs and slotting himself between them so he could bring the other man's lips to his in a passionate kiss. His hands make no ceremony as they run all over the clothed thighs and exposed torso, fingers pressing on warm flesh, teasing to leave a mark there. The thought of Dream walking around with his hands imprinted on his skin only edges the ravenette on, doubling his desire to steal away every breath and every thought and *everything* from his best friend.

After all, he is now way better at kissing than when they were children and stupidly curious. They were each other's first kiss, and while the memory is forever going to be a beloved relic of their friendship, SapNap can't wait for the repeat to mean something *more*. And he knows that he has the advantage of being the person closest to the blonde. Not even Bad, who had been Dream's first crush, back when innocent puppy love was the only form of attraction they knew, had that. And that stupid ex-boyfriend is of no concern now.

So the ravenette focuses on the kiss, determined to leave an impression.

They separate completely breathless, and Dream looks *otherworldly* with his smeared lipstick and flushed cheeks. SapNap waits all of a second before bringing the blonde to a second kiss, just as hungry and messy as the previous, if not more.

“Holy shit!”

He's not a hybrid, but he wants to roar when the kiss gets broken so they can look at whoever entered the miraculously empty kitchen.

“Tommy, what the fuck are you two doing here?” He snaps at the young boy, glare traveling from the younger blonde's face to the young brunette by his side. *Of course* Tommy brought Tubbo with him. “And don't bullshit me, I know you weren't invited.”

“Listen, big man, big Snap, Big S, how about we leave you two to it and you leave us to our fun?”

SapNap is about to snap at the teen some more, definitely comment on the audacity, but Dream's laughter stops him. The lion hybrid detangles himself, making the ravenette immediately miss the contact.

“Seems like your services are needed, babysitter.” He sing-songs, walking away from SapNap.

“Maybe you can keep showing me how much you improved later~”

With that he leaves a very lovesick childhood friend behind with the headache-inducing dynamic duo. SapNap sighs, sagging a little, before his glare returns with full force, making both teens flinch. He grabs their shoulders as his lips curl in a sadistic smirk. Philza is going to *love* seeing the runaway kids.

“Tommy, I just wanna tell you that I told you so.”

“Tubbo, shut up!”

Chapter End Notes

Fundy: New friend, obviously crushing and doesn't really bother to hide or feel shy about it

Wilbur: Old friend, some strong sexual tension going on, been crushing for some time

Bad: Old friend, doesn't know he's crushing, thinks he's just a good friend

SapNap: Childhood best friend, knows he's crushing, determined to get somewhere

Candy Bear, Sweetie Pie, Wanna Be Adored

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Dream?”

“Hey, Gogy~”

George chuckles a little at the nickname, looking over at his blonde best friend. If the inside of the house is a furnace, the outside is an iceberg, and he's glad for his hoodie. His eyes roam appreciatively all over Dream, enjoying the black skinny jeans—probably *super skinny*, and the lion hybrid enjoys showing off his wonderful legs—and the green crop top. Then he inevitably starts worrying.

“You should go back inside, it's really cold. You're going to get sick.”

“Aw, you care~”

Dream brushes off George's glare to step closer, grabbing the zipper of the human's hoodie and opening it all the way before he could protest. Then the blonde shoves his arms under the hoodie, hugging the brunette to him, which is slightly awkward since Dream is taller than George, but it's comfortable and in no time the hug is mutual, two best friends hugging in the front yard of Bad's house.

“Why are you here?”

“I could ask you the same, George.”

“Needed some air, way too many people. You?”

“Too loud inside, needed a break.” His ears twitch as if to prove his point, and the shorter man can't help the smile. “I missed you.”

“Yeah... me too...”

More than Dream can imagine, in fact. George is not sure when he started having feelings for Dream, but he knows it's a recent development, which puts him at the very end of the line of suitors he *knows* trails behind his friend. He has four eyes, he can see well enough. He sees SapNap's obvious crushing, he's seen when it started and has been watching it grow for some time. He sees Bad's obliviousness to his feelings and how it is literally the only thing between him and a relationship with the blonde. He has been seeing Wilbur harboring feelings for years now. He saw the daze in Fundy's eyes.

And from what he knows of *that guy*, he's definitely still going to try.

George doesn't blame him, who would want to give up on Dream?

He definitely doesn't, even though he knows he's not going to get anywhere. He has nothing to offer but his heart, and Dream deserves the entire world and some more. But he can't help it, he just keeps on hoping. Keeps on dreaming. Keeps on loving the one guy he has no way of wooing because, really, how can he not? Dream might not be perfect, but he's still amazing, and more than anything, he's just what George dreams of.

Confident and loyal and funny and kind and *beautiful*.

“I can almost hear you thinking, George. What are you thinking about?”

“How beautiful you are.”

The smile he gets in response steals the air in his lungs. It's sweet and so absurdly happy you'd think Dream never hears compliments like that, which is very much not true, because he's *beautiful* and everyone should be able to see it. George wants to scream it at the world in the knowledge that he'll get confirming answers because it's nothing but the absolute truth. Dream is beautiful and George's heart skips a beat when the implication finally computes; that Dream is used to being called beautiful, but he likes it most when George says it. It's different when George says it.

“Thank you.”

The hybrid whispers, leaning down to capture George's lips. The kiss is sweet and cheerful just like the smile prompted by George's words. His breath is shaky as he opens his mouth and allows the other to take charge. George has little to offer, but everything he has is Dream's, however Dream may wish. However he is very pleased when the kiss keeps its sweetness, slow and savouring, two people exploring each other without rush. Just warmth.

"Incorrigible."

The two separate hastily, more like George separates from Dream hastily, practically jumping away. Some part of him registers the lack of warmth and grieves, but most of him just stares with wide eyes at the man who interrupted them. He has dark hair, a goatee and big, curved horns, like a ram or a goat. He's dressed in a button-up and jeans, still managing to look very formal despite the obvious try to be casual. What gets his attention the most, though, is the intensity of the man's amber eyes, staring George down like a predator.

“You are utterly incorrigible, Simba.” The man says, smirking at the blonde, but his eyes are still glued on the brunette. “Leaving your plus one alone in unknown territory, incorrigible and *rude*.”

“Sorry, sorry, *manager*. Besides, you love it.” Dream purrs, which lions *don't*, so he's making an extra effort to sound sexy, and it's working.

“I- I'm going back inside.” George excuses himself quickly, not wanting to stay and watch the objection of his affections flirt with some unknown man.

It's enough when he has to watch it happen with people he *does* know.

Chapter End Notes

Fundy: New friend, obviously crushing and doesn't really bother to hide or feel shy about it

Wilbur: Old friend, some strong sexual tension going on, been crushing for some time

Bad: Old friend, doesn't know he's crushing, thinks he's just a good friend

SapNap: Childhood best friend, knows he's crushing, determined to get somewhere

George: Best friend, knows he's crushing but doesn't think he has a chance

So Pull Me Closer, And Kiss Me Hard

Chapter Notes

Changed the rating to Mature just in case

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Jschlatt grins with perhaps a little too much of a warning, but, hey, he's known the lion hybrid for two years now, he *knows* the games the blonde plays. And Jschlatt will not allow himself to taste defeat in the hands of his darling kitty. So he grins, dangerously as he knows will drive the other crazy, and steps closer. Since they're alone, he can smell Dream's scent much clearer, a nice mix of lime and grass and a bit of perfume.

Sadly, it's tainted with the scent of other people, other *males* that got way too close to his little lion king for his tastes, and that makes his smirk just a tad sharper.

He and Dream aren't officially a thing, but nothing is stopping the ram hybrid from possessively grabbing the man by the waist and bringing him close. It's stupid, really, how little control he has over himself when he blond is involved, but some part of him actually enjoys losing control every now and then, and there is no one better to do so than this lovely lion cub. Dream can take all of Jschlatt and give him just as much back.

They had met back when Dream moved for college, two brokenhearted hybrids crying over failed relationships; one left by his fiancé, the other rejected by his highschool sweetheart. They were hurting, they needed a distraction and some relief from it all. They found it in each other one night when they were alone at work, cleaning and organizing the little bakery after another mind numbing day. The sweet lady who had offered the two college students a job is still none the wiser to what was done on her counters, and it brings a conspiratory smirk on both their faces when they think about it, their little secret.

Things just escalated from there, and scarier than the pace was the *way* it all did. What started as simple meetings to have a quick fuck, or a make out session when the time was too short, became more elaborated plans to explore their bodies, their likes and dislikes. And soon that too changed. They started cuddling after sex beyond aftercare, just enjoying each other's presence, each other's warmth. Sometimes, they'd hang out without having sex, and soon "hang out" could very well be changed to "date". Jschlatt's mattress and even some of his own clothes smell so much like Dream that he can pretend they share the apartment by just closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. Dream's wardrobe has some of Jschlatt's button ups and a toothbrush reserved only for the ram hybrid.

If you ask him, he won't be able to tell you when he started craving something more with the blonde, but it's not like it matters. He's a man who likes to look at the future, and his future includes a swishing tail and playful green eyes.

"You bring me all the way to your friend's house and abandon me as soon as you can, what a bad kitty you are." Jschlatt murmurs, lips brushing against Dream's.

"Oh? Did I hurt your feelings, manager?" Dream purrs, knowing that doing so even though lions can't purr gives him goosebumps.

“Yes, you hurt me so deeply, kitten.”

“And what you’re going to do about it, sheep boy?”

Jschlatt doesn’t answer, instead choosing to bring their lips together.

Like many before, the kiss is slow and sensual. There is no need to rush, no need to *burn*. It matters not if there is a line of people trying to get his little lion for themselves, it matters not if some of them are closer to Dream than he is, it matters not if the blonde can’t see yet what the ram hybrid feels for him. Nothing of that matters because Jschlatt is one confident bastard who works for and gets what he wants.

And, God, does he want.

So he kisses his dear blonde like someone admiring a shining diamond, almost worshipful in his actions, his grip is strong and firm, but still gentle enough to stay in their game. Dream, above all, loves the trust Jschlatt puts on him, knowing that if he doesn’t want something, the other won’t ever force him. As much as he likes to have control, the ram *knows* his place, and he *knows* who truly is in charge, and it is not him.

No, that honor goes to the ethereal man he holds close to his body.

“*Ahem.*”

Dream immediately tenses when they hear someone clear their throat, making Jschlatt tense too, though less visibly. The blonde refuses to leave his embrace, hiding his face in the ram’s neck—quite the feat, since the lion is taller—, and his hands, hands that were messing the brunette’s perfectly styled hair, grip his shoulders with more force than necessary.

It takes one look at the guy who interrupted them for Jschlatt to know the reason.

“Mind if I talk with your... *partner* for a second?” The guy asks, voice monotone, but eyes burning in crimson fury.

“I do, actually. We were about to get to the good part.” Jschlatt answers smugly, grinning maybe a little too much at the eyebrow twitch he gets from the other.

“I’d say ‘sorry for the interruption’, but that’d be lying.” The man drawls, unamused.

Before he can say something that certainly will hurt the other hybrid’s pride, Dream taps his arm, separating from him just enough so they can look eye-to-eye. The blonde offers a weak smile that is probably supposed to be reassuring but looks more like a grimace.

“It’s fine, Jschlatt. You can wait for me back inside, won’t take long...” His voice is gentle, but not enough to hide the slight tremble.

The brunette nods once, before locking eyes with the clearly impatient pinkett. A wicked grin makes itself home on his face as he brings the blonde back to him before he can fully leave their embrace and kisses his soft lips again, eyes never leaving the furious crimson. Once he is satisfied, Jschlatt breaks the kiss and walks back inside, leaving behind a dazed lion and a desperate pig.

And to think he had worried for a second about the rest of the competition when they’re all clearly delusional. Some more than others.

Chapter End Notes

Fundy: New friend, obviously crushing and doesn't really bother to hide or feel shy about it

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He Made My Doll Heart Light Up With Joy

Chapter Notes

Some mild angst

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Technoblade swallows, trying very hard to calm himself down. Even from a distance, he can smell Dream's scent mixed with the ram bastard's and even Wilbur's lingering perfume, and he hates it. He wants to bring the gorgeous blonde to his arms and kiss him until he can only smell himself on his skin.

"Uh... Hi." Dream waves a little, and Techno doesn't believe for a second that he's trembling just because of the chill of the night. Though the wind surely plays a part in it, with the crop top doing a very poor job at protecting his body.

Dream loves his cropped tops and hoodies, though, which made the perfect excuse for Techno to lend him his coats in cold days, or for them to share one coat. Dream would smell like him for days, and Technoblade would complain about his coats getting too stretched—yet he still diligently would open them and invite the blonde inside without second thoughts. Warmth is something neither of them can ever refuse.

"Hello, Dream."

Well, this is awkward. Makes Techno miss evenmore the times he could just walk up to his beloved lion boy and take him in his arms so they could forget the world around them, bask in the peace of being together. But times are in the past now, and Techno is not foolish enough to think it'll be easy to bring them back. Good thing he's not a big fan of easy.

"Your boyfriend?" Techno asks to break the ice, already knowing the answer. Dream is many things, but not a cheater. He wouldn't have kissed Wilbur if the ram was his boyfriend.

"Nah, coworker."

"You kiss all your coworkers like that? Maybe I should look up a job where you work if that's the pay." He tries for a joke, but it falls flat at the glare he gets.

The lion's tail swishes rapidly, and his ears twitch. There is a low grumbling, *growling*, coming from him, low enough that the pinkett probably wouldn't hear it as well as he does without his pig ears. It is the beginning of a roar, a warning for him to not overstep the limits he brought upon himself in his stupidity.

You fucked up and if you want to undo it, you'll have to do it alone, Wilbur's words play inside his mind, both resentful and unrepentant, because you may have lost your chance, Technoblade, but I just got mine.

"What do you want, Technoblade?" The lion's voice breaks him out of his thoughts, pushing away his brother's voice.

"To apologize."

“A little late for that. I’ve moved on and so should you.” There is no conviction in his voice, however.

“Have you?”

Dream’s eyes flash and Techno’s own crimson eyes feel like tearing up at the hurt swimming within the green. The blonde goes completely silent, ears still alert and muscles still tense, as if he’s the one who’s half prey. As if he’s being hunted. Techno’s heart squeezes painfully inside his chest at the dejected expression on his beloved’s face, the final push he needs to walk up to his ex-boyfriend—his *ex-boyfriend*, to think two letters could turn such a sweet word into a bitter regret.

“Don’t.”

“Dream.”

“*Don’t*, Techno. You don’t get to come here with your soft eyes and- and nice voice after *running like a goddamn coward* and expect me to fall in your arms like some desperate whore. It’s been two years and *I am over you!*” The lion raises his voice, growling back in his throat. It’s clear he’s trying to convince more than just his ex.

“I don’t expect you to just throw yourself in my arms.” It’d make things much easier, but then he wouldn’t be Dream and Techno wouldn’t love him so much. “And I am sorry for running. I was afraid.”

“Afraid of what?! What could have scared the great Technoblade so much he’d disappear from the face of the Earth without so much as an explanation?” This time Dream approaches him, fangs bared and brows furrowed. His voice deepens each word, roaring them to Techno’s face.

The thing about lion’s roars is that they’re lower and longer than people think, more of a warning than a scare, and they sweep inside one’s bones like a curse. Techno is a pig hybrid, and while pigs are quite the aggressive little bastards, he still has instincts that yell at him to walk—to run—away and leave the angry predator alone, but he can’t bring himself to listen to those. No, because he’s still half human, and humans are stupid, and the pinkett is double stupid because love is stupid and makes people stupid and he’s *stupidly in love* with a man that can tear his throat up—or worse, break his already cracked heart.

“I was afraid the other shoe would drop and shit would hit the fan.”

“What type of bullshi—?!”

“You’re the first person I’ve ever loved.”

Dream’s mouth closes with a loud noise, teary green eyes shifting from one emotion to another only to settle in a vulnerable grief. Technoblade hates that expression, hates himself for being the cause behind it. His hands tremble as he gently brings them to the blonde’s face. He brings their foreheads together, inhaling his beloved’s scent.

“I was always so afraid you’d find someone better, that I’d fuck up... It was a highschool romance, those fail all the time and I couldn’t handle it... And when you told me you genuinely loved me, I just couldn’t take it, I couldn’t take the risk of loving and losing you. I was stupid, and I am sorry.”

“I loved you.” Dream whispers and he might as well have stabbed Techno in the heart. “I truly loved you. And you ran from me, from *us*.”

Tears run down freckled cheeks, and Techno can’t resist kissing them all away. He’s fully

expecting to be shoved away, maybe even get some claw marks, but Dream just allows him to pepper his cheeks—now cold thanks to the chilly night and salty—with kisses. The lion sobs quietly, hands moving until they're gripping on the pig's shirt. If Techno is fighting back tears of his own, it doesn't matter. He's busy bringing his dear to his arms in a comforting embrace. There are many words he could be saying right now, but he's not sure any of them are enough, even if put together and repeated over and over, so he just stands there and lets the man who has his heart cry his sadness away while he kisses his tears away.

At least now he can guarantee that Dream isn't cold anymore.

They spend a good five minutes there before the blonde's tears end. Dream opens his eyes, now red yet still so otherworldly, and a surge of affection hits Technoblade.

"Dream..." He whispers like a sinner praying to a higher being, "If you don't want this, *stop me*. Stop me and I'll leave you alone."

Again, a small part of him hisses, the part that has been kicking him for his stupidity for two years and a few months now.

Techno leans in slowly, giving the blonde the time to protest and push him away, but he's pleasantly surprised when he's allowed to bring their lips together for a tender kiss that's nowhere as desperate as Wilbur's or as sensual as the ram's. It doesn't need to be. As much as he likes being dominated, what really gets Dream is the ability to fully trust someone to take care of him, and Technoblade plans to do exactly that. Dream once was his to care for, and he'll do whatever it takes so he can do it again.

The kiss feels like their first kiss back in highschool, a good memory of a cloudy day spent hidden away in an empty classroom, a confession to be shared only by two young hearts. Techno isn't sure when one of his hands tangled with the blonde mane of his dear lion, but he has no reservations on pulling it gently to tilt Dream's head just so, being rewarded with needy whines against his mouth. Arms circle his neck, hands pushing his head into the kiss, claws scratching near the base of his ears every so often.

And just like their first kiss, they separate with a loud pop and heaving breaths, lips red and eyes foggy. Techno playfully licks his lips, enjoying the way Dream's cheeks color a charming pink. His joy is short lived, however, as the lion quickly gathers his wits, shoving him and scurrying off to the door.

Before his heart can break, though, Dream stops and looks back at him.

"I'm not that easy, Technoblade." There are still traces of hurt and anger, but no hate and no disdain. Hope shots through Techno's body.

"Wouldn't have it any other way, babydoll."

"Don't call me that. You lost your pet name privileges."

"As long as I have a chance to win them back."

Dream huffs, cheeks still flushed, and walks inside.

Technoblade would like to say his reaction was more refined than an overly excited fist bump, but that would be lying.

At least no one is there to watch him doing that.

Chapter End Notes

Fundy: New friend, obviously crushing and doesn't really bother to hide or feel shy about it

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Jschlatt: Coworker, started more as friend with benefits but actually got feelings

Technoblade: Ex-boyfriend, in love and knows it, wants a second chance desperately

Welcome To The Life Of Electra Heart

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream feels like there is sand in his mouth, tears burning his eyes. He's barely seeing where he is going as he shoves his way through the sea of bodies. His inhuman ears twitch, picking up a familiar voice calling out his name, but he doesn't stop.

It's hard to breathe, hard to think, hard to stop the flood of emotions.

Dream opens the door to Bad's room just enough for him to squeeze inside, closing it as fast as his trembling hands allow him and leaning on the hardwood. A shaky breath escapes his lips, his entire body shivering with the effort to swallow his need to cry.

"... don't even try to argue, Tommy, you went directly against—Dream?"

Philza's voice snaps the lion out of his little trance, bringing his attention to the scene happening before him. Two teenagers—probably Tommy and Tubbo, the dynamic duo Wilbur and the others have told him about—sit on the end of Bad's bed, side by side, both trying and failing at looking guilty being scolded by Philza, the "dad" of the group. In any other situation, Dream would've laughed, definitely amused both by the scene and the memories of being in the teens' place in the past—Phil deserves some medals for keeping the group alive and mostly out of trouble, no one can deny that—, but his heart is squeezing painfully inside his chest and his throat is closing with the need to cry and his knees are not capable of holding him anymore.

He hits the floor with a harsh thud.

Philza is cradling him in his arms the next second. With one swoop, the blonde finds himself being carried to the bed as the human barks—heh, pun—orders to the kids.

"Tommy, go get some water for Dream; Tubbo, make sure Tommy gets the water and brings it back *tonight still*. Go!"

The two scurry out of the room, the door closes behind them with a gentle sound. The older blonde sits on the bed with the lion in his arms, trying to calm him down with soft sounds. Dream finally allows himself to cry and everything he's been holding comes crashing down on him.

The talk with Techno hits the hardest, and he hates himself for giving the pig another chance to break his heart, yet his treacherous heart skips a beat at the chance of having back what they had before. After Techno, comes Wilbur, who Dream *knows* has been crushing and he hates himself for practically leading the brunette on, yet he doesn't want to give up on what they could be if he just let it happen. Then SapNap, his childhood friend who's been showing signs of wanting more; he hates himself for not knowing where his friendship feelings for the ravenette end and his romantic ones—if he has them—start. Then George, who Dream genuinely had a crush on at the beginning of their friendship; he hates that he still can feel those feelings germinating again inside his heart. Then Bad, his first crush, who never once saw him as an option and probably never will, forever his first and sweetest heartbreak. Then Jschlatt, who Dream is catching feelings for against their agreement to stay as friends with benefits, a heartbreak the lion really isn't looking forward to.

Fundy would be an easy out of it all, an unrelated party, but that would be using him, and Dream hates that he even thought about using a guy he barely knows, a guy that looks really nice and

definitely doesn't deserve to get involved in his drama.

"I'm terrible, Phil. The worst. I shouldn't have come." He sobs in Philza's chest, wanting to curl up and disappear from the face of the world.

"That's not true, Dream. Ask anyone, they all love you."

"That's the problem!" His voice is more of a roar than a scream, but Phil doesn't flinch, staring directly at his eyes with an accessing look. "And I'll just end up hurting them all, or myself."

The door opens, making the lion hide his face in Philza's neck, inhaling the comforting scent of their oldest member. The older man is always a calming presence, even if he can be as much, if not more, chaotic as the rest of the group. They're not as close, having met thanks to Wilbur and Technoblade, but Dream knows that Philza will have his back when he needs it. Or will be his shoulder to cry on.

"We got a water bottle and some handkerchiefs." One of the boys, the brunette one gently offers the items to the lion, who grabs them after some prompting from the older man. "I'm Tubbo, by the way. That's Tommy."

"You're an ugly crier." It's the first thing that leaves the younger blonde's mouth and it's so startling Dream can't help but laugh against his water bottle. The kid smirks—a smirk full of sharp teeth—, throwing an arm around his friend.

"Shut up, rat." Dream chuckles when the ears atop the blonde's head go flat against his head.

"I'm a Chihuahua!"

"Yeah, I can tell by your yapping."

"Oh, you're part of the group alright, all of you are jerks! And why are you laughing?!" Tommy growls playfully, poking Tubbo for giggling at him, the brunette shrieking and trying to wiggle away.

They remind the lion of his childhood times with SapNap. That thought makes him sigh heavily, but at least his tears have stopped and his cheeks are dry. He is still hugging Phil, though, but the older man doesn't seem to care as he gently runs his fingers through Dream's mane, relaxing him even more.

"Name's Dream," he says, finally.

"So, Big D, why are you ugly crying?"

Before the lion can answer, Tubbo elbows the dog with enough strength to draw out a yelp. What follows is a poorly hushed argument about being insensible and how one doesn't simply ask why people have been crying nor does one call them ugly while at it. This gets the lion to actually laugh out loud, shutting up the two teens. Soon he's joined by the man hugging him.

He feels lighter already.

Once he stops laughing, he asks the two if they are even allowed to be in a party with booze and too many stupid adults, which brings a sheepish expression to Tubbo's face and makes Tommy raise his chin petulantly. Philza glares at them good-naturedly before shaking his head and explaining, with a smile, that they're, in fact, not allowed to be there.

“Then let's go do something, just us. I'm not feeling this party anyways.” Dream shrugs, knowing that Philza knows that he just wants to get away from everything for now. “Something family friendly for the cubs.”

“First, I'm a *pup*, not a *cub*.” The Chihuahua wrinkles his nose, and if the lion thinks it's cute how he's more bothered about that than technically being called a child it's his business only. Tommy looks at his best friend, and they seemingly have a quick conversation with their eyes before looking back at him. “Sure, whatever.”

“Where will we go, though?” Tubbo asks, snaking an arm around the younger blonde's waist, clearly used to the touching.

“We can go to my house and play games.” Philza offers, getting up from the bed and helping Dream up. “We can get something to eat in the way.”

They do just that. After leaving the party, sending a quick text in the group chat, they go get some of the most unhealthy junk food they can get, full with the biggest ice cream tub they definitely won't be able to eat to the end. Dream and Tubbo bond over their sweet tooth, and watching Tommy get annoyed at small things while Philza laughs his head off is the pinnacle of entertainment as far as the two are concerned. Phil's home is as homey as he remembers and the couch is the most comfortable thing he has ever sat on. Dream kicks Tommy's ass in a few rounds of Mario Kart, impressed by how quick the cub—the *pup*, as the Chihuahua so kindly likes to remind him, improves. Same goes to Tubbo when he finds in himself to let go of the food for long enough to play a round.

Philza laughs his lungs out. Tommy rages like a ball of fury. Tubbo eats like no tomorrow. Dream smiles so much his cheeks hurt.

For tonight, he'll tell his heart to give him a break.

Chapter End Notes

Dream: Overwhelmed by his feelings. Thankfully, he has some good friends.

I'm leaving this fic here~! Maybe I'll go back and write an entire story with an actual End Game sometime, but for now I want y'all to just have fun with the possibilities~ This was a side project for me to take my mind away from some things and I really wasn't expecting to be so involved, but right now I can't afford to add another fic to my "to finish" list or I might explode of guilt and stress. Thanks for understanding! See ya~!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!